

BUYING A WAGON

How Mr. Brown Got the Worst of Two Bargains.

TRIED MAIL-ORDER METHODS

Thought He Was Saving Money, But Will Not Try the Same Thing a Second Time—Buying at Home Pays.

(Copyrighted, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark.)

Mr. Brown, a farmer living in Boone county, Mo., decided to buy a spring wagon. The next time he was in town he went to the local dealer to see what he had in stock. One wagon that suited him was offered to him at \$75. He thought he would take it, but before ordering he looked over a mail order vehicle catalogue. Here he saw described a wagon which, as far as description went, was the same as the one he saw in the dealer's store room. In fact, the description was written in such a convincing manner and all of the good points of the mail order vehicle were brought out so thoroughly that it appeared to be superior to the other one. And the price was only \$67.45. Mr. Brown thought of the saving of \$7.55 which represented several days of hard work. The more he thought about it the more he wanted to save that amount and in the end the Chicago mail order concern got his check.

When the wagon finally arrived, with a freight bill of \$4.50, he rode to town with his son and spent half a day putting it together. He had to buy a screw driver and some oil and sand paper and a few bolts to replace some that had been lost in shipment.

the fact that they are making their community poorer, reducing the per capita of wealth, and dwarfing local business, only to enrich a concern already rich enough to buy several counties. An extra thousand dollars in any community will mean, during the year, many thousands of dollars in business transacted and increased income for practically every one in the community. Often the amount sent to the mail order houses is more than enough to turn the balance the other way and business depression exists where prosperity would prevail under normal conditions. Even if the country purchaser was able to save a snug sum by ordering his supplies from a mail order house, the loss to the community would be greater than the gain for himself. It is needless to point out that as the amount of the mail order business from any community increases the amount of loss to the community also increases, until it is only a question of time until the individual loss caused by the general depression of business will exceed the individual saving.

In fact if everyone in the community bought from the mail order houses, local markets would disappear and the farmer would be compelled to sell as well as buy from the catalogue concern. The rural districts would be devoid of business activity while the wealth of the country would be centered in one or two points. Buying by mail may be attractive, but the most pronounced mail order need must look with apprehension on any condition whereby he would be compelled to depend on the mail order man for a market for his products.

But the idea of saving on individual purchases is, to a great extent, a fallacy. In spite of his boasted ability to buy in large quantities, he is not able to buy for much less than the country merchant. Competition in all manufactured products is too keen for

OUT OF TOWN

By Byron Williams.



In the golden summer weather
When the clouds float light together,
And the sky is wearing tapestries of
"Larks—
When the sunbeams are as yellow
That they almost burn a feller
As he lilies along the pavement hot as
ways—

In the torrid summer weather
When the lilies break from tetter,
Nodding white upon the water's buoyant
crest—
When the woods are real inviting
When the rabbits go a-sittin',
And the turtle dove croons softly on her
nest—

Then 'tis time to sort o' wander
To the sun-kissed hills out yonder,
Where the zephyrs are a talkin' to the
trees;
Just forget yer work an' worry
Where the country, sweet an' purry,
Blows the cobwebs from yer brain cells
on the breeze!

There are pastoral scenes—and quiet—
Even though you have to buy it
At steep dollars by the week of cash
right down!
There the air is pure an' honey,
There you breathe away your money—
"out of town!"

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WHAT DID KATY DO?

By Byron Williams.



Katydid, Katydid,
What did Katy do?
Every night now for a week
I have listened to your weak:
"Katydid! Katydid! Katydid!"
Pray, what did Katy do?

Katydid, Katydid,
Are you sure she did?
May be Katy did not do
What you are alluding to!
"Katydid! Katydid! Katydid!"
Please, what did Katy do?

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Katydid, Katydid,
What did Katy do?
Further back than I can scan,
Ever since the birth of man,
You've insisted Kady did!
Come, what did Katy do?

Katydid, Katydid,
What did Katy do?
Must have been an awful sin,
For three thousand years you've been
Katydid, Katydid!
What can be this awful scandal,
To be worthy of the candle?
Oh, what did Katy do?



THE SONG

The brownish bird sings her glad song
Sing likewise unto the throng!
The same word thrills the man and bird—
The song of flower by zephyr stirred,
The song the sky, the breath of morn,
The evensong when night is born!

Oh, man, with a more noble divine,
Will thou not read aright the sign?
Glad Rob thy cheek of guilty blush
And gaze more wisdom from the thrush!
The name, soul that did mark'd him
That taught the bird her happiness!

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BOWSER A SCIENTIST.

Attempts to Settle a Question That Puzzles Many Persons.

WHAT GOES TO SLEEP FIRST.

Takes Note of His Sensations to Determine Whether It Is the Brain or the Feet—His Contentment Suffers Interruption.

(Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)

Mr. Bowser had been quiet and preoccupied all the evening, and Mrs. Bowser, although she had noticed his attitude, had failed to make any remark on it for fear of starting him off on some tangent. It got to be 9 o'clock, and he could stand it no longer. After walking the floor for two or three minutes he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear of Sir James Hall, the celebrated English physician?"

"I think I have seen his name mentioned," she carelessly replied.

"And perhaps you may have seen the name of Dr. Deles of France mentioned?"

"I can't say. Dr. Se-and-so is bringing out a consumption cure today, and some other doctor is following with a cure for something else to-morrow, and one can't keep track of half the names he sees on the bottles in the drug stores."

"Good heavens!" he groaned after regarding her with a look of mingled pity and contempt. "I have mentioned



"WELL, WHAT ABOUT THESE DOCTORS?" the names of two of the greatest physicians in the world, and you connect them with corn cures and cough syrups. Woman, can't your mind get beyond the buying of a two dollar corset for a dollar and forty cents at some bargain sale?"

"Well, what about these great doctors?"

"It will be a waste of breath to tell you, but just now they are engaged in a controversy that I can perhaps help settle. It occurred to me this morning that I could, and I have been thinking about it all day. If I should prove the means of so doing it would make me famous in a day."

"And just what is this question, Mr. Bowser? Even if I do attend bargain sales perhaps my opinion on other subjects is worth something."

"I will state the case, but I warn you in advance that I won't stand for any of your dreams. If you can't treat it seriously you needn't answer at all. You know what sleep is, of course. All creation has to sleep. You have sometimes realized the fact that you were dropping off to sleep. Now, then, what part of the human being goes to sleep first? Is it the feet, the brain, the legs, arms, eyes or what? There is the question in a nutshell. Dr. Hall says one thing and Dr. Deles another, and between them they have got a million people interested. Have you any information to offer?"

Assurance Equal to Ignorance.

"I simply contend that sleep is what may be called a natural anesthetic, and that it affects the brain first. I don't think there can be any question about that."

"Your assurance is equal to your ignorance. You stand in opposition to a thousand wise men. That's just like a woman. She'll blurt out an opinion on any subject as glibly as a parrot and with as little sense to back it."

"And how about your opinion?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"I have none at present. I am going to make an experiment this evening in order to help me form one. You can now go to bed. The cat is to be turned out doors. I shall stretch myself out on the lounge with notebook and pencil in hand and record my feelings until lost in slumber. I can't find that any one has done that to settle this controversy."

"You will probably get up with a cold in your head after an hour or so."

"That will be entirely my affair, Mrs. Bowser. Will you now escort that yaller eyed cat downstairs and throw him out and give him the signal for his death?"

"If you wake up with your head all stuffed up, don't blame me," she answered as she drove the cat before her.

"Men have often given their lives to settle questions not so grave as this," he replied, with much pomposity and dignity.

Ten minutes later he was alone. The gas was turned out to one burner, and he stretched himself on the lounge and

prepared to record for the benefit of science. He lost no time in beginning: "Have assumed an easy position. House quiet. Mrs. Bowser gone to bed. No care on my mind."

"An looking up at the ceiling. The concern man is passing the house and calling his wares, but I am seeking to make myself oblivious of the fact."

"Big toe on the left foot begins to feel numb. Is it possible that sleep first makes its appearance through the toes?"

"I seem to feel a slight draft of cold air on my head. Perhaps that is the pressure of drowsiness."

"There is an itching sensation in the right heel. Am I about to discover that humanity goes to sleep through its heels? If so, all theories thus far advanced will fall to the ground and the Bowser theory take their place."

"Draft of cold continues. Must the human scalp become cooled off before sleep will come? This line of thought is worth following."

"Right leg suddenly gave a jerk."

"Left leg seemed to want to get up off the lounge."

On Brink of a Discovery.

"I don't want to rush things, but it seems to me that I am on the brink of an important discovery."

"I have just felt a twitching of the eye."

"The jerk of the right leg has been renewed."

"In my thoughts I had gone back to boyhood days when both legs suddenly drew up at once as if I was trying to climb a ladder."

"As the above notions were followed by a numb feeling in the back of my neck nothing is yet decided."

"More twitching of the ears."

"Strange sensations in both big toes."

"How Mrs. Bowser can go to bed and snore away with such a momentous question undecided is a puzzle to me."

"My eyes are now fastened on one particular spot on the ceiling, and I am thinking of the elder mill down on the old farm."

"I now see the mill just as it used to stand."

"I now start to enter it to take a drink."

"The mill now vanishes."

"I think sleep is coming. While I am not exactly satisfied, it seems to come more from the brain than the feet. No one's feet can think of a elder mill."

"I may be dreaming or I may be awake, but it seems to me as if I could hear the wailing of cats in the back yard."

"As near as I can make out, my right foot shot out a moment ago, as if kicking a feline."

"A sort of a numb feeling in the right shoulder."

"The prickly sensation is present in both heels."

"The body seems to be almost asleep, while the brain is still active."

"It seems to me that there are cats in the kitchen downstairs, but, of course, this is impossible. Am I to discover that one has to think of cats for half an hour or so before slumber will come? If so, the statement is bound to make a great sensation."

"Have tried to turn my thoughts into various other channels, but they arbitrarily return to cats."

"I think I hear cats softly ascending the basement stairs."

"I think I hear them in this very room."

"I think they are led by our own yaller eyed old feline, and that!"

Failed to Announce Theory.

But the data ended there. Yells of terror brought Mrs. Bowser, who had not yet gone to bed, downstairs, and the slight that greeted her eyes was a lively one. She had left the back door open in turning out the cat, and he, followed by half a dozen others of his tribe, had entered to see how Mr. Bowser's theory was panning out. Some disagreement took place after they had reached the sitting room, and as the lounge seemed to be the strategic point all made for it, and Mr. Bowser was instantly buried under a mass of fighting cats.

"Why try to picture the situation in words? Why seek to reproduce his yells and whoops and swear words? Why give the details of the wild howling and the wilder pursuit and the language addressed to the laughing Mrs. Bowser when the last feline had struck the snowdrifts in the back yard? Let it suffice that the Bowser theory on how sleep comes has not yet been put forth to the world, and he may never again seek to solve it."

M. QUAD.

The Intricacies of English.



"What do you think of Brodger's last book?"

"Well, I thought it was the dullest thing I ever read, but I managed to wade through it."

To Raise the Mortgage.

"No, I don't want to try anything today, but, as you know, we are trying to raise the mortgage on the church. What will you donate?"

"How would a cake of yeast do?"—Judge.

To Preserve the Home of Key.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, author of the inspiring words of our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," has been dead sixty years, but he is by no means forgotten. Several memorials in honor of his high character and achievements as a

patriot poet exist, and now it is proposed to preserve as a patriotic shrine the house in Georgetown, D. C., at present part of Washington, which was for many years his home. Key was born in Frederick county, Md., Aug. 9, 1780, and was the son of John Hoss Key, a Revolutionary officer. He studied at St. John's college, Georgetown, and read law in the office of his uncle, Philip Barton Key. He began the practice of the legal profession in Frederick City, Md., but afterward removed to Washington, where he achieved a high standing at the bar, serving for some years as district attorney. His fondness for poetry led him to compose much verse. A volume of his works was published in 1857, ten years after his death.

Among the best known of the poems, aside from "The Star Spangled Banner," are the hymns, "Lord, With Glowing Heart I Praise Thee" and "Before Thee, Lord, I Bow." He enjoyed a happy married life and had several children. The old house in Georgetown now known as the "Key mansion" was his home for the most of the time that he resided in Washington. His great grandson, Francis Scott Key Smith, a Washington attorney, believes it is beyond question that he lived here at the time his most famous poem was composed. Mr. Smith said that, although the lawyer-poet did not get the deed to the property until 1830, it had been his home for many years prior to that year, a cloud on the title having prevented the deed being passed to him at an earlier date. Mr. Smith has been prominent in the movement to buy and preserve the house. Owing to the efforts of those interested in keeping such an interesting landmark from being destroyed, there was formed in January last the Francis Scott Key Memorial association, incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia and empow-



THE OLD KEY MANSION IN GEORGETOWN, D. C.

ered to collect funds, buy and hold property, etc. The incorporators, in addition to Mr. Smith, are Admiral George Dewey, Rear Admiral Whitfield Scott Schley, retired; ex-Senator Louis E. McComas of Maryland, H. H. McFarland, commissioner of the District of Columbia; Justice Ashley M. Gould and other men of high standing.

There are numerous descendants of Francis Scott Key, but it is about half a century since any of his family lived in the old mansion. In the meantime the neighborhood has changed and looks little as it did when the "old families" lived there in Key's day. Formerly there were terraced grounds leading down to the Potomac river. Streets have since been cut through, and the buildings which have been erected here shut off the view the Key family used to have of the Potomac. Shops and booths have sprung up around the house, and it is plastered over with the signs of trade. Recently it was proposed to tear it down to make way for stores, and this led to the movement to buy and preserve it and restore it as nearly as possible to the condition it was in when Key lived in it. The house is supposed to be at least 160 years old.

It was during the British attack on old Fort Mifflin in 1814 that Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." He was temporarily a prisoner on a British ship, having visited the British admiral under a flag of truce to secure the release of a friend who had been seized as a prisoner. He was detained by the British until after the bombardment of the fort and thus witnessed the attack from a point of vantage. He waited anxiously until morning to see which colors floated from the ramparts and when he saw the stars and stripes was overcome with joyful emotion. The lines

Oh, say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd
At the twilight's last gleaming?

came to him as an inspiration and were quickly committed to the back of a letter, the poem being finished soon afterward and set to the tune of "Anchors in Heaven."